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A walk Among the Flowers



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Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

She looked down at him sullenly, the smell of ammonia heavy in the air. Just another motionless body, lying slightly gray and bruised, lacerations from wounds running diagonally his chest.

Picking up a small knife, she penetrated the rotting skin, a sickening thwop sound reaching her ears. She looked across at the report, scanning for exactly what she was to look for.

"White, Bradley... dead on site... visible wounds on chest area...."

She ran a thin finger down the paper, blue latex making a slight squeaking noise.

"Ah. Metallic shrapnel."

She continued to slice downwards, a noticeably acrid smell pouring from the abdomen.

Straining not to gag, she reached for a thin green mask to cover her slim face. There was a loud clank, and she whirled around, only to see nothing but darkness. Shakily, she turned back to her specimen on the cold metal. Something seemed off, though. Maybe his arm was cocked a little to the right? "No. I'm going nuts here, swamped in chemicals and dead bodies all day. Not to mention it's damn near midnight."

Something else clanked to the ground, this time closer. She didn't bother turning around. She boredly moved his busted innards around, searching for anything metallic and shiny. After about five or so minutes, she found shards of what looked like a disc.

"A ruptured metal back plate maybe? I wonder..." She pulled it out with some force, and a faint light emanated from it. She still didn't turn around. She placed it on the ground. "Time to head out. I'll let the rookies clean up the mess." She stripped off the gloves carefully, and tossed them in a

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'hazardous trash' bin. Sighing tiredly, she walked out of the room, only haphazardly paying attention.

After a tedious drive home, she slammed her door, grateful to be home. She still reeked of ammonia and other assorted chemicals, yet she was too exhausted to care. She plopped in her loveseat, not even bothering to turn on the lights. Another clank. "I'm going freaking insane." Deciding to call it a night, she plodded to her small bedroom, clumsily kicking off her shoes and shucking off her not-so-white coat. She crawled onto her futon, the familiar squeak of her weight on the frame soothing her thoughts. Her eyelids were heavy before her head even hit the pillow.

Alice Marie walked back in the forensics office, just like any other day. She greeted the few co-workers she saw- but rarely associated with. They didn't acknowledge her.

"Whose body am I to mutilate today?"

The acrid smell of death and chemicals wafted into her face as soon as she opened the door. The clip-board with the victim's information wasn't in it's usual spot waiting for her- it should've been right by the door. She heard the soft bristle of coat tails, and turned to the left. There was a heavy iron door, where all of the special equipment for examination was. Alice had hoped one day to be the one behind all those machines.

There was someone in that room, but as for who it was, she could not tell. There was beeping and scanning noises coming from behind the door, and indistinguishable voices. Alice tried inching nearer, just to eavesdrop a little. Everyone on the outside (ones who didn't work here in the lab) seemed shaken up and very serious. She pressed her ear against the door, straining to hear whatever she could. It was a little odd though. She didn't feel the cold surface that she should've felt.

"...found....blood.....can't believe... our..."

"...could you be absolutely certain it was.."

"...I just hope... family... grieving for their loss..."

Alice, more perturbed than ever, stamped her foot on the hard, stained floor. Another strange thing, she didn't feel the sting in her ankle or hear a sound when her foot hit the floor. The door creaked open, and some pale faced rookies walked out, eyes slightly red as if they'd been crying.

One clutched the clipboard to her breast, clinging to it for dear life. She laid it down beside the covered lump that sat motionless. "It's only ONE thing that could be. It is strange, though. None of them... act, it was if they didn't see me at all." The few rookies walked back to the door, almost emotionless.

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"I suppose we should call the family," squeaked a red haired girl-- the one holding the clipboard. "Yeah... I guess so. You really should stop carrying that thing around like that, Anya. It's simply not healthy," replied a fair haired young man. In fact, he had scored the highest on his college exams.

"I know, I know... But now that she's gone.. what are we going to do?" The girl named Anya set the board on the table, next to the lump.

"Come on, Vlad," an ebony haired girl told the boy. "It is pretty devastating ya know... and you know Anya worshiped her the most.

Alice couldn't stand it anymore. She marched right in front of the one called Anya.

"What is going on here?" No response. Anya didn't even blink. None of them did.

"I said, what is going on here?!?" Still, no response. no anything.

Frustrated, Alice stomped over to the table, where the board was lying, and looked it over. Her gut twisted as she saw what was neatly typed on the slightly crinkled paper.

'Marie, Alice. Age: 26. Sex:Female. Height: 5'7. Weight: 175. Hair colour: red. Eye colour: blue. Condition: Pronounced dead on arrival, with obvious blunt force trauma to the cranium. Weapon or object used is unknown. Time of Death: around 12:00, a.m.... '

She almost choked on air. Or was she even breathing? "Dead?..."

Anya sniffed, and Vlad offered her his arm. The dark haired girl closed the doors behind them softly, as to not disturb the dead Alice that lay on the table. She almost didn't believe it. Alice turned, and unzipped the bag. What looked back at her, was her own pale and bluing face. The top of her head was completely caved in, sticky black blood matting her once well-combed hair. her eyes were devoid of their once illustrious light, dull and lifeless. She heard another clank. Finally breaking from her own emotionless stare, Alice whirled about, in a maddened frenzy. She clawed at her hair, screeching and sobbing, an aching, gutless feeling seeping through her body. Was it even a body? She grabbed the clipboard and threw it across the room. Next, she kicked the rolling equipment table, making it crash to the ground. Knives, syringes, plungers, wires, tubes, magnifying glasses, forceps, pliers, and a small saw blade surged across the floor, scraping and clamoring about, scuffing the floor. She screamed and slammed herself into the glass window that lead into the main building. It shattered, giving away under her weight. She

There stood Anya, crying into her hand, her head buried in her arms. She was crying for her head.

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She wakes back up in her sleep at her apartment. (try not to use her name at all)

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